The Independent.

J. W. ROBERTS, Devoted to Agiculture, Mechanics, Arts, News, and General Literature. Editor and Proprietor.

VOLUME V, NUMBER 12. OSKALOOSA, KANSAS NOVEMBER 20, 1864. WHOLE NUMBER. 220.

Selected Poetry.

MUSTERED OUT.

BY REV. WM. T. MILLER.

Let me lie down
Just here, in the shade of this cannon-torn tree,
Here, low on the trampled grass, where I may see
The surge of the combat, and where I may hear
The glad cry of victory, cheer upon cheer,
Let me lie down.

Oh, it was grand!
Like a tempest we charged the triumph to share;
The tempest—its fury and thunder were there;
On, on, o'er entrenchments, o'er living and dead,
With the foe under foot and the flag over head;
Oh, it was grand!

Weary and faint,
Prone on the soldier's couch, ah, how can I rest,
With this shot-shattered head and sabre-pierced breast?
Comrades, at roll-call, when I shall be sought,
Say I fought till I fell, and fell where I fought,
Wounded and faint.

Oh, that last charge!
Right thro' the dred host tore shrapnel and shell,
Thro' without falt'ring—clear through with a yell,
Right in their midst, in the turmoil and gloom,
Like heroes, we dashed, at the mandate of doom!
Oh, that last charge!

It was duty.
Some things are worthless, some others so good
That nations who buy them pay only in blood;
For Freedom and Union each man owes his part,
And here I pay my share, all warm from my heart;
It was duty!

Dying at last!
My mother, dear mother, with meek, tearful eye,
Farewell! and God bless you forever and aye!
Oh, that I now lay on your pillowing breast,
To breathe my last sigh on the bosom first press'd;
Dying at last!

I am no saint!
But boys, say a prayer. There's one that begins:
"Our Father," and then says, "Forgive us our sins;"
Don't forget that part; say it strongly, and then
I'll try to repeat it, and you'll say "Amen!"
Ah, I'm no saint!

Hark! there's a shout!
Raise me up, comrades! We have conquered, I know!
Up, up, on my feet, with my face to the foe!
Ah, there flies the Flag, its Star-Spangles bright,
The promise of Glory, the symbol of Right!
Well may they shout!

I'm mustered out.
O, God of our fathers, our Freedom prolong,
And tread down rebellion, oppression and wrong!
O, land of earth's hope, on thy blood-reddened sod,
I die for the Nation, the Union, and God!
I'm mustered out!

Selected Sketch.

BABY'S HOOD.

In a pleasant little town, the center of a sweet rural district, there lived a fine tall young man, a clever mechanic, whose real name I am not allowed to tell you, so I shall call him William Thomas. The facts of his history are interesting to all working men and women, and his name is of no consequence. Well, this man began life prosperously. He had been brought up respectably, was skillful at his trade, and earned good wages. He married a young woman, whom he loved sincerely, and who was worthy of his love, and they had a happy home.

But, just as in a bright Summer's day the tempest sometimes comes suddenly, and spreads darkness over the scene, so, when Mrs. Thomas least expected it, there came desolation into her home. The foreman at the building where William worked, took a public house—it is very much to be deplored that foremen of works often are landlords of beer shops and low taverns—and he invited the men to supper at the opening of the house. At this supper there were plans proposed "for the good of the house," which the men agreed to. It was a pity they did not think of the good of their own houses, rather than of the publican's; but it is a common failing of British workmen to pluck down their own houses in order to build up the publican's. William was too sensible a man to propose any of these plans, but when he saw that his companions were intent on having jovial meetings at their foreman's, who called his house "The Laborer's Rest," he did not like to hold out, lest he should be thought mean, and besides, one of his neighbors whispered to him, "Make a friend of the foreman." Now, in a little time, it was evident that if by drinking at his house, William was to become the publican's friend, he would very soon become the enemy of his wife, and the ruin of his home. Mrs. Thomas did not at first see the change that was going on, for she had a new source of interest. She had become a mother, and her love for her baby was so strong, that it never entered into her mind to doubt that the father of that household treasure would cherish her all the more, because of God's living gift of love that had been bestowed upon them.

The nurse, indeed, had her suspicions that all was not right. But nothing was said. The first intimation Mrs. Thomas had of the change in her husband's habits, was on her recovery, when she discovered that bills were owing for provisions, which she had thought had been paid for, when her husband bro't them home. Where was the money? Spent at the publican's. Then came the late hours at night. Where was the time passed? It was spent at the publican's. Then, as matters soon grew worse, when William did get home, he was either cross or foolish. Not himself. His reason, like his money and his time, had been spent at the publican's.

My readers know what the end of this would be. In vain the wife wept, and put her baby in her husband's arm, to plead with its innocent looks. The promises of amendment made in the morning were broken at night. The rent was in arrear, the respectable tradespeople were unpaid, and the honest wife shrank from asking credit, for she knew her husband's good name was gone; he was already spoken of as having "taken to drinking." Ruin and want came on the family with giant strides.

What a bitter Winter followed! William was out of work through the bad weather, The goods were seized for rent, and though some friends secured a few necessaries of furniture, and gave them to the wretched wife, yet it was a miserable room that she had to take as her abode; and far keener than poverty was the cutting thought, "William's drinking has ruined us."

A relation of Mrs. Thomas's, who lived at a distance, sent her a present of a pretty hood for her baby; and the poor mother resolved to deny herself almost necessaries so as to get a cloak for the child that should match this hood, that she might keep her baby as William ought to wish to see it. "Perhaps," she would say, "he will leave off his cruel drink, when he sees how I strive, and how nice I keep his boy."

One day when William came home to dinner he was very surly, and asked his wife for two shillings. She could not spare this money to be wasted, and there was a bitter scene, in which he spoke hard words, that fell on her heart and wounded her to the quick. She fled out of the room to avoid him, taking the child in her arms. William's eyes fell on a box at the top of a cupboard, and on opening it there lay the baby's hood, He took a handkerchief that laid beside it, and wrapping it over the hood, slunk out of the back door, and round by a by-way to the public house. Arrived there, he uncovered what he had brought, and displayed it to the foreman's wife, who managed the business. But somehow, though he was not sober, yet he could not look at the hood. He turned his head away as he offered it. No doubt in the faint glimpse he had of it, he had seen, as in a vision, his own dear infant's dimpled face in the snowy hood; and reckless as he was, he could not bear to look again. The landlady of "The Laborer's Rest" instantly caught at the hood, saying, "Well, it's certainly very pretty. It'll just do for my Alexander George, He's got suitable things as is proper to wear with it. That hood on a child as was shabby like, 'ud be ridiculus. Lauk it 'ud make the poor brat look like a carrot half scraped." She laughed as she spoke, and taking down a slate with a score on it, she began haggling about the price, and what was to be stopped off the back score—pouring out a glass of ale while she talked, and handing it to the man. He drank it feverishly, and another and another. The hood, of course, was sold, and the price drank.

That night, for the first time in his life, William began his career as a disturber of the peace. He quarreled and fought, and got lodged in the station house. His poor wife had to go out in the pouring wet to supply the money for his fine of five shillings which took away the trifle she had hoarded for baby's cloak. Poor little thing! it would not want either cloak or hood, On that bitter night it took cold, in spite of all the mother's care. An attack of croup came on the next day, and in twenty-four hours the pretty babe had left its dreary home on earth, for a home in heaven.

When persons once get on a downward path, every step they take makes the next more swift and certain. William was mad with rage and shame when he left the magistrate's room, and the first sight he saw in the street was a baby in a nurse-girl's arms, wearing the hood which he had sold. The rosy smiles of the well-dressed child pierced him like stabs. He rushed out of the town without going home, and tramped off in search of work at a distance. He did not know that his baby had been seized with illness. He shrunk from meeting his wife, and pursued by his own conscience, he went away.

Some neighbors who guessed he was off in search of work, or to hide himself, pacified the wife in her first anxiety; and when the stroke fell that make her childless, she was so overwhelmed with trouble, that, at first, she took no notice of any thing they said.

Some blows stun the sufferer; and so it was in this case.

However, the baby was buried, and the mother was roused to attend it to the grave. The relative who had sent the hood came over and paid for the funeral, As Mrs. Thomas was returning from the church-yard, she met the only sight which just then could attract her attention, a child the same age as her own. She stopped and gazed at the soft round face, and burst into the first flood of tears that had relieved her sad heart for days. As her fingers wandered lovingly over the little thing's features, she was suddenly struck with its dress. "Ah," she murmured, "I have a hood like that, in remembrance of my child." The nurse-girl was about to speak, but stopped suddenly, with a startled look. Mrs. Thomas hastened home with her friend, and on entering her desolate room, went to her box. My reader knows the hood was not there. In an instant the truth flashed into her mind. "And he could do this! Rob his own baby to clothe another. Rob his dying child." This was the final shock. She could forgive all that was done to herself, but this seemed so heartless, that when her relative urged her to leave the wretched place, and return to her native home, she consented, for she was worn out with grief, and sought a place, as she thought, to die in peace.

Reader, eight years passed, and the wife and husband were as strangers.

When she heard of William, it was that he continued a drunkard. Still clever as a workman, his earnings, when he worked, were large enough to buy him the means of making himself a terror and a by-word. It was noticed that whenever William met an infant child better dressed than usual, he would rush instantly to the public house and act like a madman. Ah, often in his dreams he saw one of the most pretty and innocent of all sights—a baby in a little white hood; that dream was to him the bitterest torment.

But, in the mercy of God, a change was to come. Many had blamed, lectured, and advised William. "Drink with judgment—drink in moderation." But no one had said, "Do without strong drink altogether. Away with it entirely." Such words were at last uttered. He listened, and hope sprang up in his heart. "I'll try," said he. "Drink has been my tyrant many a year. It found me happy, and it has made me miserable. It found me a man and it has made me a demon. I'll try sobriety"—he paused. He would have said, "God helping me," for he told me afterward he thought those words, but he trembled to utter them. He had used his Maker's name so profanely, that he dared not take it upon his lips. But He who made the heart knows its thoughts.

From that time William Thomas became a new creature. He lost his self-confidence, and instead of saying as he had once, "I know *I* can drink and not be a drunkard," he now said, "Lord, help me to avoid the very appearance of evil."

A year passed, and O the wondrous change! William had gone courting once again. He had sought his wife, and they were reunited. Once more he had a home, a happy home; and not only was the blessing of his own fireside, but he had found another home—in the house of God. He can say, as on the Sabbath he takes his seat there, with his dear true wife by his side—

"Here would I find a settled rest,
While others go and come;
No more a stranger, or a guest,
But like a child at home."

William Thomas is now in the third year of his new life. He is a prosperous man—respected by his neighbors, and earnest to win others to the plan which, by the blessing of God, has so benefited him.—*British Workman.*

Miscellaneous.

Gifts of Flowers.

When a poor boy, Douglas Jerrold stood wistfully looking at the beautiful flowers in a cottage garden, blooming in the brightness of a delightful Sabbath morning. The kind gardener seeing him and appreciating his taste and desire, forthwith, unasked, presented him with a blushing carnation, one of the most fascinating and beautiful of all his rich varieties of flowers. Receiving it with gratitude and a joyful heart, with bounding step he hastened home bearing the treasure. He afterwards said:

"That little incident made part and parcel of my life in all my after years, and has ever been a bright spot that the effacing finger of time has never been able to remove or obliterate."

In connection with this incident, Judge A. J. Cotton relates the following:

"Many long years ago, while attending Court; as one of the Judges thereof, I was passing along the street with a beautiful flower in my hand, which a fair young friend had just presented me. The flower caught the eye of a little boy, some three years old, and he left all and followed me. With words of kindness I presented it to him, laid a hand on his head, and blessed him, when he hastened home, with a glad heart, and nearly out of breath, said in lisping accents: "O, mamma! mamma! Dudge Totten dave me dis!"

And ever after there was no man on 'this beautiful green earth' he so loved and honored as Judge Cotton. This I afterwards learned from his pious mother, as, also, of his untimely death, which happened in this manner:

A heavily-laiden wagon was passing through town, and he and other boys were hanging on behind, and swinging at arm's length, when accidentally he lost his hold, fell in front of the wheel, which passed over him in a moment, and there he lay, a mangled and bleeding corpse.

Children should never hang upon wagons as this boy did. It is a most dangerous act or practice. But ever be kind, for kind acts will be remembered with gratitude during the life of the recipient.

"TAKING THE CONCEIT OUT OF HIM."—I was greatly amused with this homely but most significant expression when I first heard it. Mr. Couley, a country merchant, had that morning suddenly lost his clerk, and, as a temporary substitute, had called in Marcus Grey, a neighbor's son, to help him. The boy was bright and nimble, but had an exalted sense of his own ability. Consequently, when the merchant told him that he had some business to do with me in the counting-room, but would come to his help, if customers came in, it was with a very smart air that the lad replied: "I guess I can get along, sir; I know salt from sugar, I believe."

Now the merchant kept a variety store, having in addition to crockery and groceries, quite a tempting display of dry goods. And it so happened that the boy's first customer that morning called, for "mozambique," an article wholly unknown to Marcus, though any lady in the place would at once have seen it on the shelf of thin dress goods. The boy was thoroughly posed, but, after his vaunt of knowledge, disliked to confess his ignorance. So, as his customer was a man, Marcus did not suspect him of wanting any thing in the line of ladies' clothing, and, jumping to the conclusion that "mozambique" must be some new article in the grocery department, he rummaged among barrels, boxes, and drawers in vain to find it. At length he was compelled to call Mr. Couley.

When the customer was served, and with the merchant had enjoyed a hearty laugh at the boy's mistake, Mr Couley apologized that he had not sooner "come to the rescue," by saying, "Marcus thought that he knew every thing, and I wanted to take a little of the conceit out of him." I think it must have received its death blow, for the lad has gone by the name of "Mozambique" ever since.

TITIAN'S LAST SUPPER AND EL MUDO.—Palomino says that when Titian's famous painting of the Last Supper arrived at the Escurial, it was found too large to fit the panel in the refectory, where it was designed to hang. The king, Philip II., proposed to cut it to the proper size. El Mudo, (the dumb painter), who was present, to prevent the mutilation of so capital a work, made earnest signs of intercession with the king, to be permitted to copy it, offering to do it in the space of six months. The king expressed some hesitation, on account of the length of time required for the work, and was proceeding to put his design in execution, when El Mudo repeated his supplications in behalf of his favorite master with more fervency than ever, offering to complete the copy in less time than he at first demanded, tendering at the same time his head as the punishment if he failed. The offer was not accepted, and execution was performed on Titian, accompanied with the most distressing attitudes and distortions of El Mudo.

Courtships of Great Men.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON.—Of the courtship of this illustrious philosopher, I have somewhere read an anecdote; although it is not to be found in several lives of him which I have searched. It is well known he was often absent minded; that for example, he would sometimes rise and sit for several hours by his bedside undressed, and absorbed in thought, that he would often forget to dine until reminded by his domestics, that to live it was necessary to eat.

Once and once only he loved a young woman. One evening they were seated by the fireside together. He sat silently smoking. She was too proud of his love to be offended by his conduct. At length he took his pipe from his mouth, and seized her hand. She expected that he was about to kiss it. Instead of doing so, however, he stirred the tobacco in the head of his pipe with her forefinger—a rather odd substitute for a pin! She was angry with him and their courtship ended.

ELDON.—The father of Lord Eldon, the Chancellor of England, having resolved to marry, rang his bell. A females servant answered it. He told her to dress herself, in order to repair to the altar with him. She thought he was jesting and disobeyed. He rang his bell again. A second servant appeared. To her he gave the same command. She attired herself and was made a bride.

O'CONNELL.—Daniel O'Connell did not court at all. He told his sweet heart that he loved her; asked if his love was reciprocated, or if she was engaged, and if she was willing to make an engagement with him. The young lady replied as frankly as he questioned, and they were speedily united for better or worse.

ABERNETHY.—Of Dr. John Abernethy, one of the most eminent surgeons and medical writers of the last century, several anecdotes are recorded. He was extremely eccentric, or rather was extremely manly. He acted and spoke always as nature dictated and not as custom ordained. To a rich valetudinarian gentleman, he once said: "Live on a sixpence a day and earn it;" and to a lady of the same species who offered him a fee, he said: "Madam, keep your money and buy a skipping rope." When he loved he still continued to despise the forms with which society ever seeks to encumber the sayings and doing of men. He did not waste his time in courting, nor did he prostrate himself as is usually the case before the relatives of his Eve. He met her in the streets revealed his affections for her, and offered her his hand. She accepted it, and he immediately gave her a purse, with orders to furnish a house.

Teach Children to Pray.

It is said of that good old man, John Quincy Adams, that he never went to his rest at night till he had repeated the simple prayer learned in childhood, the familiar

"Now I lay me down to sleep."

Is there not something inexpressibly touching in the thought that these words breathed from the rosy lips of infancy, went with him away down through old age into the dark valley of death? Some people object to teaching children forms of prayer, lest the act only becomes a from, But did not Christ teach us to say, 'Our Father?"

Do you not remember those still evening hours far back in childhood, when your mother first taught you to say those words? Can you forget the solemn hush that fell on everything as she kneeled with you and commended you to the care of the blessed Father?

She is dead now; but ever as night falls you think of her, and the little sister she left in your care—how it fell to you to hear the little one repeat the same old words in the dim twilight, and how at last, when she had learned to love the Savior, who watches over the little children, he called her suddenly to go up where they sing the new song.

O, teach the children, the little children, to pray!

Years of sin may come, but the memory of those early prayers will soften the heart, and prepare it for better things Or, never neglected, this habit may grow with their growth, strengthen with their strength, become a strong shield against the temptations of life, and thro' faith, at last free immortal souls from earthly sins. So, let us teach the children, the little children, to pray.—*Boston Recorder.*

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL HAND.—Two charming woman were discussing one day what it is which constitutes beauty in the hand. They differed in opionion as much as the shape of the beautiful member whose merits they were discussing. A gentleman friend present-ed himself, and by common consent the question was referred to him. It was a delicate matter. He thought of Paris and the three goddesses. Glancing from one to the other of the beautiful white hands presented for his examination, he replied at last, "I give it up the question is too hard for me; but ask the poor, and they will tell you the most beautiful hand in the world is the hand that gives."—*Ploughman.*

FUSELI'S METHOD OF GIVING VENT TO HIS PASSION.—When thwarted in the Academy (which happened not unfrequently), his wrath aired itself in a polyglott. "It is a pleasant thing, and advantageous," said the painter, on one of these occasions, "to be learned. I can speak Greek, Latin, French, English, German, Danish, Dutch and Spanish, and so let my fury get vent through eight different avenues."

FUSELI'S RETORT IN MR. COUTTS' BANKING HOUSE.—During the exhibition of his Milton pictures, he called at the banking house of Mr. Coutts, saying that he was going out of town for a few days, and wished to have some money in his pockets. "How much!" said one of the firm. "How much!" said Fuseli, "why, as much as twenty pounds; and as it is a large sum, and I don't wish to take your establishment by surprise, I have called to give you a day's notice of it!" "I thank you, sir," said the cashier, imitating Fuseli's own tone of irony, "we shall be ready for you—but as the town is thin and money scarce with us, you will oblige me greatly by giving us a few orders to see your Milton Gallery—it will keep cash in our drawers, and hinder your exhibition from being empty." Fuseli shook him heartily by the hand, and cried, "Blastation! you shall have the tickets with all my heart; I have had the opinion of the virtuosi, the dilettanti, the cognoscenti, and the nobles and gentry on my pictures, and I want now the opinion of the blackguards. I shall send you and your friends a score of tickets, and thank you, too, for taking them."

FUSELI'S WIFE'S METHOD OF CURING HIS FITS OF DESPONDENCY.—He was subject to fits of despondency, and during the continuance of such moods, he sat with his beloved book on entomology upon his knee—touched now and then the breakfast cup with his lips, and seemed resolutely bent on being unhappy. In periods such as these, it was difficult to rouse him, and even dangerous. Mrs. Fuseli, on such occasions, ventured to become his monitress. "I know him well," she said one morning to a friend who found him in one of his dark moods, "he will not come to himself till he is put into a passion—the storm then clears off, and the man looks out serene." "Oh, no," said her visitor, "let him alone for a while—he will soon think rightly." He was spared till next morning—he came to the breakfast table in the same mood of mind. "Now I must try what I can do," said his wife to the same friend whom she had consulted the day before; she now began to reason with her husband, and soothe and persuade him; he answered only by a forbidding look and a shrug of the shoulder. She then boldly snatched away his book, and daubtlessly abode the storm. The storm was not long in coming—his own fiend rises up not more furiously from the side of Eve than did the painter. He glared on his friend and on his wife—uttered a deep imprecation—rushed up stairs and strode about his room in great agitation. In a little while his steps grew more regular—he soon opened the door and descended to his labor all smiles and good humor.

Fuseli's method of curing his wife's anger was not less original and characteristic. She was a spirited woman, and one day, when she had wrought herself into a towering passion, her sarcastic husband said, "Sophia, my love, why don't you swear? You don't know how much it would ease your mind."

WHOLE DUTY OF A GENTLEMAN.—"Never," says Lord Chesterfield, "hurt persons by a malicious speech; do not exalt yourself at the expense of others, nor indulge in a sneer; nor let the temptation of saying a witty thing lead you to do so at the expense of another." One might suppose from this excellent counsel that its author was a model Christian, or at least one of those true gentlemen whose courtesy is of the heart. On the contrary, he was a japanned and highly-polished piece of human hollow-ware, without a single quality that should entitle a human creature to love, honor, or respect.—The context of the above quotation displays the innate meanness and selfishness of the man. "The passion in the people who fancy they can say smart things," he continues, "has made them more enemies, and implacable ones too, than any thing I know of." His lordship's reason for sparing people's feelings was not that malicious speeches hurt *them*, but that they might injure the interests of the utterer!

Half the elegant men—so called—one meets with, are of the same stripe as Chesterfield. Their politeness is a mere formula; there is no soul in it. A man may be a model of deportment, and yet a cold blooded self-worshiper, a mere Turveydrop, or something worse. The whole duty of a Christian gentleman is summed up in the Book of books in four words, "Be pitiful, be courteous." Whoever obeys these precepts is fit for any society. He will carry his welcome with him wherever he goes, and need not trouble himself about the by laws of etiquette.

He that studies revenge keeps his own wounds green and rankling.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S APPEARANCE.—Of late years, especially since the sad loss of her husband, Queen Victoria has undergone a great change both in mind and body. She never was possessed of great beauty, and the charm of her presence always arose far more from the natural expression of an amiable disposition, than from any regularity of feature or grace of manner. Her eyes are blue and bright, her hair dark, and her complexion is now somewhat sallow. It is marked by deep lines of affliction, and yet these do not make her expression less attractive.

In stature she is rather inferior to the average hight. She cares little for dress; and at Balmoral, Osborne, or at any of her palaces where she is in the bosom of her family, she wears plain, unpretending garments, such as some at least of our fair county women would not allow themselves to be seen in at any time. She dislikes pomp and display, and does not often appear in public; never, except when some great State occasion seems to demand it. Among all the Americans who have visited Europe, very few have seen Victoria, while nearly every traveler has looked upon Louis Napoleon and Eugenie, who are frequently seen driving about Paris with the greatest freedom.

Farm and Household.

Family Ice-house—How to Fill it.

A few days ago, we built our ice-house in the "World." We now propose to put the ice into it. A very simple matter is the filling of an ice-house, in the idea of most people. It is so—as simple as any other thing—if one only knows how; and to this knowledge we propose to introduce our reader, as briefly as possible.

We inadvertently omitted to observe, in our building article, that in setting up the posts for the house, they should be set edgewise, their thin sides facing each other, to prevent springing out and in from the settling or packing of the saw-dust or tan-bark between them. The bottom, also, should be air-tight, for the perfect preservation of the ice from any current of atmosphere from outside, as that is fatal to its preservation in warm weather. So, too, if a drain be made, it should be a filtered one, of brush and straw, that the drippings can ooze gradually through it, admitting no draft of air from outside.—With these additional remarks, we proceed with a few preliminary rules, which, where circumstances favor, sho'd be observed:

1. Let the water of which the ice is formed be pure, so as to have the article transparent as possible.

2. Understand the usual thickness which the ice, where you take, usually makes in the course of a season, and get it of the extreme thickness, if possible.

3. Cut it as soon as you can after it has arrived at the required thickness, as the winter may break suddenly, and the best opportunity be lost.

4. Cut the ice in cold, freezing weather, with the thermometer as low as possible, to do the work to advantage.

5 Cut the ice into blocks of uniform size, say two feet long by sixteen inches wide. They are large enough to handle easily for family purposes and are readily broken.

6. Pack the blocks as closely as possible; laying the first tier on a bed of saw, tan bark, or sawdust, at least four inches thick, and pushing them snug up to the sides of the house; and where the side posts interfere, cut out the corners of the blocks so as to make as good a fit as possible.

7. Let every tier be complete in itself. If there be some open joints—as there will, inevitably—break up some ice fine, and fill the cracks. When filled, dash on a few buckets of cold water, which will remain, and cement them firmly, making the whole nearly or quite a solid mass.

8. When tiered up as high as necessary for the supply wanted, throw a layer of sawdust, or tan-bark, three or four inches thick, all over the top, to exclude the atmosphere; or, if these articles be wanting, oat chaff, or straw passed thro' a cutting box, will answer. If the last is not convenient, long straw, well stuffed in, will answer the purpose; but this last named covering should be a foot thick.

The inner door next the ice should not be a hanging one, to open, but pieces of boards should be used, properly fitted to lay in as the packing progresses, and a stuffing of straw should be between the ice and these boards; then, as the tiers of ice, one after another, are removed, the boards can be taken away, one at a time, and no air admitted to cut away the lower tiers. As the ice is taken out, always cover the place from which it has been taken with the straw—straw should always be there after commencing to use ice, even if the ice be first covered with sawdust or tan-bark, as the straw is easier kept in place to protect it. These rules, strictly observed, ice will keep throughout the year.